THE EYE:

BY OBADIAH OPTIC.

——*VARIOUS OBJECTS FROM THE SENSE,*
VARIOUSLY REPRESENTING. MILTON.

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ORIGINAL.

THE EYE-LASH.—No. IX.

Every advance into knowledge opens new prospects, and produces new incitements to further progress. RAMBLER.

THE greatest privilege of which the human mind can boast, is the power of acquiring knowledge; the greatest glory is the employment of that knowledge to useful purposes; the neglect or abuse of these god-like faculties, is not only attended with the contempt and censure of the wise and virtuous, but cannot fail to inflict the keenest remorse on the delinquent.

Education may be properly defined "The means of making a man useful." To neglect it when placed within our reach, is committing a crime against our species. ADDISON beautifully illustrates the difference between the ignorant and learned, by the following passage in his *Spectator*—"I consider a human soul without education, like marble in the quarry, which shews none of its inherent beauties, till the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot and vein, that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon the noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance."

The excellence of education is continually exhibited in the respect shown to its possessor, and the influence and superiority which the informed mind seldom fails to obtain. Ignorance shrinks from its superlative lustre, and pedantry recoils from its beams. As this inestimable treasure is

more or less within the power of every one, I shall proceed to show the best means of acquiring it.

In the acquisition of education, memory is absolutely necessary, for without this faculty, we could not retain the information which might be communicated. No one will doubt, but the fidelity of memory depends on the use made of it; Dr. BEATTIE, has given a definition of this faculty, by which he reduces it to "little more than the art of retention." Admitting this, which cannot easily be controverted, it follows, that the more we burthen our memory, the more able it becomes to sustain the load; if so, it is in the power of every one to possess it; and when the excuse is alleged that the reader has no memory, the conclusion will be just, that he is inattentive.

As it cannot be expected that any memory will retain all that is confided to it, that mode of study should be carefully observed which can ensure the best remembrance. The study of history and polite literature will be the chief objects of the following remarks; the knowledge of the different professional sciences being more immediately connected with those whose attention is engaged in using them as a mean of support. To be completely master of historical knowledge, requires less time than most students suppose, and less reading than is generally bestowed on it: The chief requisite is the choice of a proper path.

Be particularly careful in the choice of authors, and select those for perusal whose fame entitles them to most credit; become perfectly acquainted with the contents of one book, before another is taken up; omit not one page, however unnecessary it may seem, for it cannot be supposed that the author would introduce any thing into the work which would not serve to confirm or elucidate what preceded, or prepare the mind for the reception of what may follow; by all means read and judge of the author's comments, for his remarks, if they do not illustrate what is commented upon, serve to impress the memory with the facts; if any thing should be unintelligible, deposit it with the memory, for the obscurity is not so likely to be in the author, as in the comprehension of the reader, and it may be cleared up in succeeding observations, while, if forgotten or neglected, will be lost. If references are made as confirmations, use them, and consult the correctness of the quotations, if with no other view than to make a stronger impression on the memory. Read no

more at one time than the memory can well bear, and the mind meditate upon; this has been called by an eminent student, "the life of reading."

In reading, a regular course must be pursued.—Ancient history should be known before modern history is studied; as the latter is in many places as much connected with the former, as the end of a page with its commencement. ROLLIN'S *Treatise upon Ancient History*, is highly commended, not only on account of its morality and tendency to form the Christian, but because its numerous and correct references, its simplicity and clearness, are well calculated to form the scholar: There are other works which, if accessible, may be particularly useful—THUCYDIDES, XENOPHON, HERODOTUS, PLUTARCH, &c.—But ROLLIN alone, if properly perused, would not only give a general, but critical information of ancient history. ROLLIN'S *Roman History* should by no means be passed over; there is no work better calculated to improve the politician—the *Decline and Fall* of that empire has produced from the exquisite hand of GIBBON, a banquet which nourishes the mind with the choicest fruits of literary culture. And, in the fate of that government, can be perceived almost all the accidents and evils to which political institutions are liable.

Of modern histories, I shall notice but two, whose style and diction alone, if no other object were in view, would amply compensate the labour of a perusal. I mean RUSSELL'S *Modern Europe*, and HUME'S *History of England*: From these might be collected sufficient information for any other than professional characters. If however, which in all probability will be the case, the thirst for knowledge should increase with the progress, it would be no inconsiderable assistance to peruse cotemporary historians.

In the study of all literary works, consult and confide in the direction of men famed for the soundness of their minds, and the extensiveness of their informations;* they having travelled the way, can point out the safest and most direct road. "If we would become successful learners, we must not conceive of things in a confused heap, but dispose our ideas in some certain method, which will be most easy and useful, both for the understanding and memory."

An indiscriminate use of books is attended with serious injury; while books taken up in the order of time, will imper-

* The reader will find Dr. WATTS' *Treatise on the Mind*, a safe and excellent conductor.

ceptibly force an acquaintance with a very important branch of information, chronology. The mind, by this regular course, progresses by proper gradations to the summit, while in the irregular ascent, the last step on which it trode is forgotten. If I may use the figure, there is a chain of ideas impressed upon the memory, by retracing which, it will be easy to strike upon any link, though that link was before perfectly lost to the recollection. To show this power in a strong light, I shall use the following illustration, whose correctness fully atones for its simplicity.—Observe a boy who has just committed to memory the multiplication table—when asked the product of two numbers, (*e. g.*) 12 ✕ 12, he instantly recurs to the first link, as 12 ✕ 1, and by tracing the chain, gives the answer required, whereas it was perhaps impossible in any other manner for him to answer the question—just so in the pursuit of knowledge, and especially historical; one fact is built upon another, and a concatenation formed, which impressed upon the memory, the mind can resort, at pleasure, to any event; and by continual recurrences, will become able to recal the fact by merely knowing its station.

A competent knowledge of literature may be acquired in a few years, by devoting one hour only each day to study—the quantity to be read ought to be by no means great; the manner of reading is all-important. How much more of our time do we bestow upon the gratification of the body; we pass thro' a long life, and its close finds us as ignorant as its commencement, with the exception of a little experience, obtained without exertion, and used without profit. G.

SELECTED.

THE FOLLIES OF A NIGHT.

(continued from page 211.)

"MISS Fitzmurry," resumed the unfortunate Annesley, "well acquainted with the errors of my conduct, positively rejected every proposal which passionate importunity could urge; and while she generously debarred herself of indulgencies, to assist, with pecuniary aid, my unhappy mother, her constrained indifference to me filled me with despair. Once, I am persuaded, she loved me; but I have lost her for ever; our distresses accumulate; and a prison will soon be the only shelter my poor mother can obtain. I have lost every

hope of getting employment; and the prospect of life now seems to me but a scene of misery, which no self-approving thought encourages me to support."

Anglesford reproved his despondency, and assured him, that those who were willing to exert themselves, need never yield to despair; thus striving to raise in his mind the energy of hope; he then enquired if he had not lately seen Miss Fitzmurry. He sighed, "No: I have heard that Ellinore is about to bestow her hand on her guardian, with the consent of the Earl." Anglesford finding he was ignorant of his daughter's elopement, forbore, at that time, further to distress him. "Well, well," said he "think no more of the matter. When you are recovered I must find you employment; the prime of your youth must not be wasted in idleness and murmuring. I hope you are fully sensible how much your own imprudence has cost you; you shall begin the world again, and may yet find that there is much in it worth living for. I have the will and the power to serve you; mean while, your mother shall not be neglected. Give me her address." Annesley pressed his hand in silent agony, and directed him to Mrs. Nellworthy, in Charles street.

Anglesford immediately repaired thither, and found the widow in the deepest distress. Active benevolence had not hitherto formed a trait in the Earl's character; but when he beheld the pallid countenance, and care-worn form, of Mrs. Nellworthy, and observed the extreme wretchedness of every surrounding object, he mentally exclaimed, "Do I enjoy affluence, existing singly for myself, while thousands of meritorious objects pine in want and misery, occasioned by the vice and folly of others? Surely Heaven has punished me for my misuse of the advantages I possess, by depriving me of my dearest hope. My poor girl may at this hour feel every woe, guilt and poverty can inflict, without a friend to assist, to comfort, or to snatch her from perdition. That office belonged to a *parent*, who, misled by *illiberal prejudice*, renounced the *tie of nature*, because *unsanctioned by custom*, or *enforced* by *law!* Yes, I feel the faults of my daughter may be placed solely to the account of my culpable neglect of a parent's duty." His mind, softened by these reflections, he consoled Mrs. Nellworthy with the kindest assurances of his generous intentions towards her son, and received from her grateful joy, more pleasure than he had ever experienced in the gratification of luxurious extravagance; and left her far more at ease

in his own mind, occasioned by the warm applause of his heart. As he was not far distant from the house of his blue dominoed incognita, he resolved to call, and seek an elucidation of his last night's adventure. Decorum required that he should ask for the lady who owned the mansion; and curiosity to see if the coachman's animadversion had been just, enforced the mandate. He was shewn into an elegantly furnished apartment, the whole appearance of which, to his *experienced judgment*, confirmed the report. But no sooner did Anglesford rise to make his salutation to the lady who entered, than she uttered a piercing shriek, and fell on the ground. "Beliza!" he exclaimed, in extreme agitation, "are you the mistress of this house? Are you the abandoned"—At that moment a beautiful girl entered, who fled to support her fallen friend. Heedless of Anglesford, who gazed on her with a sort of restrained horror, "For mercy's sake, sir, cried she trembling, what have you done! Ah! her hands are cold—you have killed her." "The presence of the man she has injured, madam, said Anglesford, indignantly, has produced this effect; would to heaven it could call her to a sense of her infamy." "Infamy! re-echoed the astonished girl, clasping her hands. Oh! can I believe the horrid suggestions which dart across my mind! Have pity, sir, and relieve me from this suspence. My apprehensions are, indeed, terrible." Anglesford grasped her beauteous white hand with convulsive agony; his cheek was pale, his lip quivering. "Are you, tell me, he cried vehemently, are you related to that woman!" "I am not, returned she energetically; nor implicated in her guilt, whatever it may be." "I thank you, madam, replied his lordship, more composed; assist the servants to convey her to her chamber. I beg pardon for alarming you, and entreat some further conversation. Your friend revives; you may spare her the sight of me; I will here wait your return." The young lady complied with his request, and soon returned to him. "And now, madam, said his lordship, if you will indulge me, by explaining the nature of your connexion with Mrs. —— I will, in turn, be equally candid with you." "Sir, returned the young lady, I am an unfortunate orphan. I have neither parent or friend, but her whom you accuse as infamous. The only protector I had would have betrayed me but for your interposition. I was consigned to his care by a respected parent; as soon as my age admitted, he professed a warm attachment for me, which the disparity of our years

would have prevented my returning; but, exclusive of that, my heart had already conceived a fatal partiality for another. Under the specious pretext that regard for my reputation instigated him, he removed me from his house to this; he redoubled his kindness to me; and seemed to endeavour, by every possible indulgence, to remove the disgust I began to feel towards him. Having never been at a masquerade, I was much pleased with his proposal of taking me to one; little suspecting the nefarious scheme he had in contemplation. O! in that night I should have been sacrificed, but for my fortunate mistake of your person. Having rendered me that essential service, do not, sir, now desert the unfortunate girl before you. Surely my father, Anglesford, when he knows my situation, will afford me his protection." The Earl, clasping his arms round her enraptured, "He will! he will! my Ellinore, he fondly exclaimed. Even now you are folded to the throbbing heart of your father." "My father, cried Ellinore, falling at his feet. O joyful hour! But, my lord, have I a mother?" She hid her face on his knee, and wept. Anglesford started on his feet; shame and indignation flushed his cheek. "Ellinore, we must leave this house; you must go home with me. Accursed!—But hold; and a sudden thought occurred to him. By what name are you known here." By that of Byngley, my lord, said Ellinore. My guardian represented me as his relation." "Villain! muttered Anglesford. But, thank Heaven, Beliza is not the abandoned wretch I thought her! Ellinore would have bade her farewell; but this his lordship sternly forbade; and a coach was immediately procured for them. "Ellinore, said Anglesford, after a thoughtful interval, have you seen Annesley lately?" She blushed. "Indeed, my lord, I have not; I have never been out without my guardian, who has totally excluded me from all connexions with the family; for though I believe I have succeeded in obliterating the transient impression, I feel much for his mother's unremitted sufferings." "Believe me Ellinore! be sincere; you will not find me harsh or unjust." *(to be concluded.)*

ON MILITARY DRESS

In the periodical paper called The World, there is a very humorous copy of verses, describing a young officer dressing, instead of arming for a battle, in a kind of parody on some

of the descriptions of Homer. But in every age and nation, whether barbarous or civilized, it has been the custom for the warrior to be careful in adorning his person, and that particularly on the eve of a dangerous action. When Xerxes expressed his surprise at the Spartans' combing their hair with peculiar attention before the battle of Thermopylæ, Demaratus, the exiled Spartan king, told him it was a proof that they were determined either on death or victory. The bravest warrior and the finest writer of antiquity describes his preparation for a desperate enterprize in the following words: 'After this, Xenophon arose, dressed as splendid as possible for the battle, thinking that, if the gods gave him victory, the most splendid dress would be proper to decorate the conqueror; and if he should fall, it was decent to meet death adorned in the most splendid manner.'

Hence arose the laboured description of the armour of Homer's heroes; hence the plumes, the blazonry, and the devices of chivalry; hence the pompous and cumbrous war dress of Otaheite, and the war toilette of the American Indian, more minute and fastidious than that of the finest lady of Europe.

AVERSION TO GAMING.

A VERY wealthy financier had an only son, who, though he possessed a strong understanding, and gave many proofs of ready wit, had such a passion for play, that he passed all his leisure time at cards, and, his whole attention being thus occupied, learned nothing. His father finding the strength of his propensity, took from him all his tutors, observing, that since he seemed destined by nature to be a gamester, he was resolved to preserve him as much as possible from being a dupe. He therefore assigned him masters in piquet, whist, quadrille, ombre, and back-gammon. He was obliged to rise at day-break to take lessons from these, and was allowed scarcely a moment's rest. He was compelled to play from morning till night; which gave him such an aversion to play, that he detested it ever after.—He soon earnestly requested that he might again be put under his former teachers. At length his request was complied with, and he returned to his studies with ardour and success.

AMERICAN MUSICAL FROGS.

PREPARED as I was (says Mr. Priest, in his travels thro' the United States of America) to hear something extra-

ordinary from these animals, I confess, the first frog concert I heard in America, was so much beyond any thing I could conceive of the powers of these musicians, that I was truly astonished. This performance was *al fresco*, and took place at night in a large swamp, where there were at least ten thousand performers, and I really believe not two exactly in the same pitch, if the octave can possibly admit of so many divisions or shades of simitones.

I have been since informed, by an amateur who resided many years in the country, and made this species of music his peculiar study, that on these occasions the treble is performed by the tree-fogs, the smallest and most beautiful species; they are always of the same colour as the bark of the tree they inhabit, and their note is not unlike the chirp of a cricket; the next in size are counter tenor; they have a note resembling the setting of a saw. A still larger species sing tenor; and the under part is supported by the bull-frogs, which are as large as a man's foot, and bellow out the bass in a tone as loud and sonorous as that of the animal from which they take their name.

LOGIC ON EASY TERMS.

WHAT limits can be set to the ingenuity of man? The art of *logic*, so much esteemed by the ancients, who considered it as to be attained by no other means than a long and tedious course of mental instruction, is now to be acquired upon much easier terms, as a modern Archimedes undertakes by public advertisement, to supply any gentleman with *the ability to model his ideas*, so as to communicate them with clearness and accuracy.

ABSTRUSE STUDY.

A DANCING-MASTER, once conversing with Hogarth, said that the minuet had been *the study of his whole life*, and that he had been indefatigable in the pursuit of its numerous beauties, but after all, could only say with Socrates, that *he knew nothing*; adding, that, "Hogarth was happy in his profession as a painter, in that some bounds might be set to the study of it."

SOMETHING NEW.

MRS. PILKINGTON, having set up a book-stall in Westminster-hall, a gentleman who wished to encourage her, asked her, if she had any thing new? Yes, replied she, *my present situation*.

Poetical Department.

*** It is very pleasing to the Editor to observe the trial for fame exhibited in the '*Eye*,' by three poets, ALICIAN, THE STRANGER, and GLORMON. Every production evidences improvement, and gives a proof what Americans can do when they call into action their native genius. ALICIAN'S "*Were I a Bird*," is a beautiful ode: His variety of situations, sympathy of feeling, appropriate language, choice of sweet words and delicate rhymes, place him, as a poet, far above mediocrity—in the last verse but one, in his figure, he is truly original, and, in my opinion, very beautiful—

Should sorrow o'er her mind bear sway,
My cheering notes I'd sweetly sing,
To soothe ner mind, her griefs allay—
Her tears I'd catch upon my wing.

The catching of the tear by her sympathising bird on his wing, is a beauty I do not remember to have met with as used by any of our poets.

In our next, I will review some of the productions of THE STRANGER.

O. OPTIC.

ORIGINAL.

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

WHAT means this fearful flutter of my heart?
This strange conceived something, busy there!
This panting! longing, for I know not what?
Why throbs my discontented bosom thus,
And fills my agitated mind with dread?
Nature invites to mirth, and I am sad!—
Once I was gay, and knew the joys of life;
My jovial hours roll'd on, nor brought a pang:
But now, alas! my pleasures all are lost;
And melancholy's thick, impervious gloom
Hovers around, still deep'ning into shade!
Pleased nature still hath charms, but none for me!
Form'd to enjoy I lack the joys of life,
For life to me seems robb'd of ev'ry joy!
The early horn awakes the morn in vain!
Nor the full cry of the strong scented pack,

In swift pursuit, their wonted pleasures give;
And wily reynard's death, that once was joy,
Is joy no more, but sympathy prevails!
All sports are lost to me; the fluttering game
That falls a victim to my level'd sight,
Moves me to wish it on the wing again!
The finny fry drawn from their wat'ry births,
Combat my pity, and I then restore
The struggling captives to their native stream!
Nor cheerful wine, that others please, can calm,
Or ease my troubled moments as they pass;
Nor all the sprightly mirth, and jovial glee,
Of social messmates, and companions gay,
Hath pow'r to cheer my melancholy hours!
Some unknown void, peevish unsatisfied
I want to fill; alas! I want the means!
Something I want, but what? Oh! for a name
Expressive of this want, to call it by;
Gold cannot buy the peace I wish to have!
My very wants, I want alas! to know.
With thoughts like these corroding on my mind
My eyes, well pleased, beheld the lovely form,
Of sprightly DELIA tripping o'er the way,
When a brisk pulse, before to me unknown,
Rush'd quick, irregular, thro' all my frame,
Disclosing all my wants! and bade me love!
And bade me love! alas! what have I said!
Is aught in female form'd, that I can love!
And love to madness that my peace destroys;
Away such folly, fit for doating fools
To feed a sickly appetite upon!
I have a soul superiour to love!
Nor shall a woman ever cause a pang!
Or fix a moment's sorrow in my heart!
But soft! such words betray a want of sense,
And ah! I feel they are a proof of love!
I feel the poison rankle in my breast!
Oh! that I could expel the venom thence!
To love! and is it all? that love return'd,
Will make me whole, restore my wonted joy?
My object gain'd, I soon shall be myself,
Laugh at the simple fair—and love no more!
But should my lovely fair one dare to frown,

And treat my passion, pure, with cold disdain;
Proudly indignant spurn me from her arms,
How shall my soul the indignation bear,
Born to command, be forced to obey?
And blasted too my hopes, but ah, alas!
I feel I cannot live in torture thus,
While yet another way is open still,
That leads directly to the bliss of love;
I'll trace the path tho' fiends infest the road!
Husband! how awful sounds the very name
Wife! too, already doth she seem to rule!
And where is love, if she should be a scold?
Children! perhaps, to stun my ears with noise,
And bring ten thousand pangs to break my peace!
These are the dangers that infest the road,
Where Hymen still displays his boasted torch,
Ah matrimony! there's the dreadful rock
My soul till now has always wish'd to shun!
But peace at last revolts and love prevails!
Come matrimony then, I'll know the worst,
The worst and best, that can from wedlock flow!
Consent my DELIA, then reward the man
Thy charms have conquer'd, but thy virtue more!
Thy virtue only could his *heart* reclaim!
Come then, and with me trace the road of life;
Be thou my wife, one fate one fortune ours
Thy husband, I will live for thee alone,
Cheer'd by thy virtue, solaced in thy love,
Till time shall waft us to the realms of joy,
Where love shall reign, and sorrow find no place. E.

ORIGINAL.

THE SIGHS.

AS breezes mild that sweep the plaintive lyre,
And sweetly mournful o'er the senses move
In strains melodious, which the soul inspire
With pensive rapture, and attune to love.—

So the soft sighs that swell the feeling breast—
In pity kind, they breathe upon the heart,
They raise the soul by heavy griefs depress'd,
And, sympathetic, harmony impart. ALICIAN.